

Ready at Last! 'Rocky Mountain Rob,' Albert W. Aiken's Great Sequel to 'Overland Kit,' will commence next week!

# NEW YORK Patriot & Journal A POPULAR PAPER

## FOR PLEASURE & PROFIT

### STAR

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No. 151.



With a quick gasp Florry bent to her oars. The little boat swung about; a long pull and a strong pull sent it skimming away on its backward course.

#### A BOAT SONG.

BY HAP HAZARD.

Gaily we glide  
Over the tide,  
Chasing the billows blue;  
White is our sail,  
Foam-decked the trail.  
Left by our light canoe,  
Luna's bright ray  
Trails on the bay,  
Falls on the land,  
Where, on the strand,  
High are the billows rolled.

Fast the waves come,  
Crested with foam,  
Over the moonlit sea;  
Lightly the spray  
Dashes away,  
Spurned by our prow to lea.

Bilishly our song  
Waves on the breeze,  
Floats on the breeze, I row,  
Set to the time—  
Tuned to the chime  
Rung on our wave-beat prow.

Strike the guitar,  
Sound it afar,  
Strike! strike its chords a-main!  
Till the far steep,  
Throned on the deep,  
Echoes the glad refrain.

#### The False Widow: OR, FLORIEN REDESDALE'S FORTUNE.

BY MRS. JENNIE DAVIS BURTON,  
AUTHOR OF "ADRI," "THE ADOPTED," "OKIL'S  
DECEIT," "STRANGELY WED," "MADAME  
DURAND'S PROTEGES," ETC., ETC.

#### CHAPTER VII.

UNDER THE MOON.

"You're a limited field for anything but decorous conduct," laughed her friend. "Our teachers don't tolerate any thing but implicit obedience."

"Oh, don't they? Isa, dear, wouldn't it be nice to have a little moonlight festival all to ourselves down under the trees by the river? I've got a box full of goodies stored away for such an occasion which couldn't be persuaded to taste half so well here in the secure quiet of our rooms. There's nothing so very tempting in a supper under the trees on a frosty October night, but there will be something peculiarly exhilarating in a breath of free air. Don't say me, darling, for I have the portress bribed already to admit us at midnight, and I've got the key of the little boat, so we'll have a row before our escapade is over. You shall take your guitar, Isa; music is never so sweet as upon the water."

"Florry, you're joking, surely. Indeed I couldn't think of doing any thing so wrong."

But Florry was bent upon mischief, and in the exuberance of her wild spirits had decided on this harmless scamper under the moonlit sky, the greatest charm it presented lying in the fact that it was a forbidden luxury.

"I wouldn't stop at that if I were fancy free, as you are," she asserted, laughingly.

the grim and griffin-like Preceptress herself.

She opened her blue eyes now wide with innocent surprise.

"Of course I never broke the rules," she answered. "It's not so wonderful, Florry, since I scarcely know any one outside the school. There's Miss Vincent, the drawing-teacher who gives lessons in the juvenile department, she lives in the snuggest tiny white house you ever saw, a little way down the river; and Madame Molyneux lets me visit her in the holidays. I have one afternoon in a quarter to spend with the minister's wife, and that's all I ever outside the gates, except to church or on our general excursions. You see how little the temptation I have to hoodwink madame if I were even so inclined."

"Oh, you little innocent! As though opportunities wouldn't come with the seeking. It's a willful waste of youth's bright hours, I declare it, for you to be mewed up always in this school prison. How you've existed so for eight whole years is more than I can comprehend. I'm heartily tired of it in less than eight weeks, and I mean to find some escape-valve for my overcharged feelings beyond our state parade, and receptions in madame's parlor."

"I'm sure they're pleasant changes."

"Well, then, I don't think so. It's funny enough to bob up and down before the Preceptress in practicing the exact inclination for a fashionable bow, and to glide along with the very least possible motion of the body in getting a graceful carriage, but I'm fairly aching for a breathing-spell beyond the reach of critical observation. I never could appreciate the blessing of an approving conscience—I can't remember a time when I was so long without misdeeds to repent of. I wouldn't be such a model of sweet decorum as you are for a kingdom."

"You've a limited field for anything but decorous conduct," laughed her friend. "Our teachers don't tolerate any thing but implicit obedience."

"Oh, don't they? Isa, dear, wouldn't it be nice to have a little moonlight festival all to ourselves down under the trees by the river? I've got a box full of goodies stored away for such an occasion which couldn't be persuaded to taste half so well here in the secure quiet of our rooms. There's nothing so very tempting in a supper under the trees on a frosty October night, but there will be something peculiarly exhilarating in a breath of free air. Don't say me, darling, for I have the portress bribed already to admit us at midnight, and I've got the key of the little boat, so we'll have a row before our escapade is over. You shall take your guitar, Isa; music is never so sweet as upon the water."

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"I wouldn't stop at that if I were fancy free, as you are," she asserted, laughingly.

"It's a fortunate thing that I occupy a responsible position as an engaged young lady, or I'd have some faithful lover at hand, just for the sake of defying the powers that be. Come, Isa, consent to bear me company, for fear I find worse."

It required more eloquence than this on Florry's part to persuade her more conscientious friend, but she was persuaded in the end. It really seemed that no harm could come of it further than was involved in the simple act of disobedience. They would not leave the grounds belonging to the establishment, except to row out a little distance upon the river; they were only stealing a couple of hours from the eight during which they were expected to have their eyelids sealed in sleep.

Eight hours! Little enough for the laborer who strikes with his brawny strength through ten of the rest of the twenty-four. Little enough for the worker whose brain is taxed in fifteen hours full, and who toapses by a weight of responsibility even if I were even so inclined."

Little enough for the tired underlings who served in the employ of Madame Molyneaux. Little enough for the watchful Preceptress herself, who strove faithfully to execute her charge over the hundred or more young beings left in her care.

Little enough for the happy, careless flock of girls with no trouble yet to break upon their repose, but what one of them would not have abridged the time by half with motives of mischief or amusement to urge them on?

Not Florry, surely, for she was like some untamed forest bird, escaped without the bounds of prison bars, as she raced over the short close turf of the slope leading down to the river. The Academy was a great dark pile, standing at the further end of the grounds, with scrubby evergreens skirting the paths between, and it was the blue tide of the Hudson rolling so calmly under the full radiance of the moon.

Florry's lunch-basket went down with a contemptuous toss, and her little dark round hand spun past it over the drifts of crispings leaves which early frosts were stealing from the row of noble old elms fringing the bank.

Who could think of resting under such a glorious sky? And off! how like a grand still lake the water is, almost as good as the sea on a quiet night, when there isn't a sail or a light to break it as you look out over the open space which alone lies between the two heavens—one above, the other below.

Come o'er the sea,  
Maiden, with me,

Come, Isa, we'll sing that together out  
upon the river. Oh, if you could know how

I pant to float away on that quiet tide!

When it comes my time to be wafted away

—to go and join the angels I mean—I just

will Charon would take me up bodily and

row me away over an eternity of sea."

Florry meant her sentiment truly enough,

for, geared as she had been by the unceasing

wave, she had a passionate love for the sea in all its varying moods.

"Come, Isa." She had thrown the slender chain from its guard on the shore,

with a reckless clatter, into the little boat,

and stood with one arched foot rocking on

its edge, waiting to assist her companion in

Isola drew back with something between a shudder and a thrill, a vague prescience of half terror and half delight, her lovely face bathed in the bright radiance of the full moon, grown wistful, yet startled through that dim, double influence of expectation and foreboding.

"Oh, Florry, it frightens me! We're doing wrong—I know we are. Let us go back and not run any greater risks of discovery."

"Risks, you darling little goose! Why, the risk is greater now than if we wait until Madame Preceptress has lost herself in the land of dreams. She's taking her prowl about the premises now, and listening at the key-holes to discover if the girls are asleep or plotting treason. She'll give us an extra mark of good conduct for once—our room'll be dark and quiet, as her strict rule enforces. No lecture for whispering out of hours from madame, to-morrow."

"I wasn't thinking so much of that," Isola hesitated. "Florry, did you ever feel as though you were going straight out to meet your fate? As though you were tempting the future by going ahead—as if you would change your life somehow—make it different from what it would be if you were to turn back? I feel just that way now, and I'm afraid."

"Of course I have, and I always go straight ahead and get myself into all sorts of misses in consequence. I don't believe in standing still in the world, and the only way to progress is to go ahead! Just reason in that conclusive and satisfactory manner, Isa. If you don't go to meet your fate, it will surely come to meet you. Put a bold face on and take care by the forelock."

Thus urged, Isola put her little soft hand into that of her friend and went forward to meet her fate! They did not know it then—that those two happy, care-free young girls—or they would not have laughed so lightly in the face of the shadowy future which was darkly foretold in Destiny's magic glass that night.

Florry managed her oars skillfully, and the tiny craft shot out "like a thing of life" over the silently rippling water. Crack! She leaned over the edge of the boat and anxiously inspected the uplifted dripping oar. It was split transversely half way up the broad, thin blade.

"Oh, now we shall have to go back," said Isola, with a long, tremulous sigh of relief.

"Not we. The oar is strong enough yet, and will hold out if I'm careful, as I shall be. Give up the dearest delight of the night? Not I. Take your guitar, Isola, and play an accompaniment while we sing 'O'er the Sea.'

The guitar had been purposely forgotten in an arbor in the grounds that day. It was suspended now by a broad blue ribbon from Isola's neck, and she ran her fingers over the strings, drawing out silvery, tinkling notes.

Fresh and clear the two young voices floated out upon the water. Catching more and more of the spirit of the music as the song progressed, their voices swelled with the melody, rung sweet and strong through the still night air.

"Was not the sea  
Made for the free,

Land for courts and chains alone?  
Here we are slaves,  
Out of the waves.

Love and Liberty all are given.

No eye to watch, and no tongue to wound us—

All earth forgot, and all heaven around us—

A strong, mellow barytone broke into the song, and as the startled girls lapsed into sudden silence, carried the chorus through triumphantly alone:

"Then come o'er the sea,  
Maiden, with me,

Mine through sunshine, storm, and snows:

But the true soul

Borne the same, where'er it goes."

A skiff shot out from a turn of the overhanging bank—a skiff, whose one occupant trolled out the ditty, as he guided his course by swift sweeps of the white, glistening paddles.

With a quick gasp Florry bent to her oars. It would never do to have it noticed about the neighborhood that two of Madame Molyneux's pupils were out at such an hour on such a "lark."

The little boat swung about, a long pull and a strong pull sent it skimming away on its backward course. Then crack! crack!

—the faithless oar snapped short off; the frail cockle-shell spun around with a velocity which took away Isola's breath, and exercised all Florien's skill in boat-craft to keep clear of the rocks, which, just here near the shore, rose up in the bed of the stream.

In a moment more the second boat brought up beside them, its occupant, hat in hand, offering his assistance.

"Ladies, permit me! How fortunate I chanced to be at hand. That is rather an awkward accident if you have far to row."

"Not very far," Florien answered, doubtful whether or not she detected an undercurrent of fun in the gentleman's tone. She suspected he was quite well aware that his own sudden appearance was the cause of their panic and subsequent misfortune.

"There is no occasion to tax your kindness, sir. We will just float back with the current, and can readily land with the aid of one oar."

"But it is such a delicious night," urged the intruder. "Too beautiful by far to desert the river yet. Let me offer my services and persuade you to remain. Your boat is roomy enough to accommodate another, and my oars are transferable. Let me beg that you will not refuse me the privilege of prolonging your trip."

"Really—I don't know," hesitated Florry.

"I suppose it's the proper thing for me!" introduced myself," continued he, coolly, unmindful of her half-protest. "I have the happiness to present myself—Louis Kenyon. I rowed up from the village to sketch the point as it appears by moonlight. I can't give any very favorable account of myself. I'm one of those rolling stones that gather no moss—here one day, and the next as far distant as steam power can transport me. I am an artist in a small way, make landscape painting a specialty, and have been fortunate enough to secure sundry orders from wealthy city people who chance to have peculiar interest in scenery on the Hudson—possession gives that, you are to understand, and not devotion to the sublime cause of art. Not an alluring record I am well aware, but, such as I am, I'm at your service, ladies."

His very off-hand frankness was a surer passport in this case than a clearer record might have been. These inexperienced school-girls were just romantic enough to overlook all the social gradations which society makes much of, and to accept their unexpected escort at his own representation.

It was a smooth, dark, boyish face Florry looked up into, with black eyes that glittered beneath his low, wide hat, and a thin-lipped, scarlet mouth, which smiled a smile that could be very winning in its sweetness. A face the like of which she had never seen but once in all her life before, and that other one which flashed up before her remembrance had belonged to an Italian organ-grinder, who, passing through Beachcliff, had stopped to play at the gate belonging to aunt Deb's cottage.

"Kenyon!" she repeated, and led away by that recurring memory, she added: "Surely that is not an Italian name."

The new-comer flashed a penetrating glance upon her as he stooped to take the oar from her yielding hand.

"Why Italian?" queried he.

And having betrayed the bent of her thoughts, Florry could do no less than explain their origin. Laughing commentaries on the same established a free intercourse which would scarcely commend with an entire stranger.

"I only wish it might have been so," he asserted. "I should have forwarded a claim of previous acquaintanceship."

He rowed them up the stream, chatting in an easy strain, which led them to forget the questionable propriety of their course. He sang for them in that rich barytone voice of his in return, he laughingly said, for the song they had unwittingly given him. And just as the clock in the village steeple tolled midnight, he landed them at the verge of the Academy grounds.

Lingering and casting about him still for some means of prolonging this novel, pleasant interview, he espied the lunch-basket where Florry's scornful hand had tossed it.

"Two hours rowing under an October moon, and the air tinged with October frost, is calculated to remind one of an appetite," he laughed. "Miss Redesdale, be hospitable and ask me to partake."

"If you will, but I warn you it will be of frugal fare. There are plenty of dainty sweetmeats such as gentlemen despise, I believe, and nothing besides except hard crackers and sour wine, which I bribed Susan to provide by the gift of my second pair of raw-silk gloves."

"Then," he retorted, "you will have the knowledge that you are supping off your second-best pair of raw-silk gloves, while I shall enjoy nectar and ambrosia of the gods!"

So another half-hour was lingered out before good-night was spoken.

And that night, while Florry slept soundly after the escapade which had been born of her mischievous daring, her girl friend—sweet Isola Snow—lay wakeful, but oh! how blissfully happy in remembering the brilliant glance of the young landscape artist, which had melted to infinite admiring tenderness when it rested lingeringly upon her dainty self.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

##### ONE NEW YEAR'S EVE.

With all her dainty grace, her rare, fair, young beauty, Isola Snow was simply a nobody, or that worse than a nobody—a charity child.

She had been reared in a foundling hospital, and when five years of age adopted by a delicate young widow lady, who lavished a mother's fondness upon the little waif. Three years passed like life in an enchanted land; then Mrs. Snow's physician ordered her away to Europe, and little Isola was placed at Madame Molyneux's school.

Her board and tuition were paid for a period of three years, and a thousand dollars besides placed in madame's hands for the benefit of the child. Mrs. Snow's absence might be prolonged indefinitely, and she wished to make secure provision for her little adopted daughter.

But Mrs. Snow died in her first year abroad, and ever since Isola had been an inmate of the school. Her portion, judiciously expended by madame's own hand, was exhausted long ago; but she had fitted herself to become a resident governess in the institution which had for half her life been her only home, and was already intrusted with certain classes among the younger pupils, while she pursued the higher branches of study which she had not yet completely mastered.

She was a favorite with the entire establishment from the Preceptress down to the newest pupil entered. Madame had won golden opinions through her liberal treatment of the friendless waif, but being a thoroughly conscientious woman, with a kindly heart, she felt herself well repaid for all her care by the example and influence of her docile and intelligent pupil.

It was esteemed as a mark of high favor conferred upon Florry Redesdale that she was admitted to Isola's close companionship and assigned to be her room-mate. But the two were warm friends from the very first, and soon grew to be inseparable companions.

If Isola was of a yielding, trusting nature, easily influenced as we have seen, Florry possessed her share of common prudence when inclined to make use of that ordinary quality. She chose to be guided by it now, and as their escapade of the last chapter was not followed by detection and well-meant reproof, she was quite willing to stand proof against any such future temptation.

A forced restraint or manifest disapprobation was apt to bring Florry's spirit of opposition up in arms, but left to her own free will, she could issue the declaration, "Get thee behind me, Satan!" and enforce it firmly.

So it chanced that she thought nothing more of the handsome young actor in that night's scene, until one day, a week later, she came face to face with him in leaving a class-room where she had been occupied to a rather unusual hour.

He passed her with no other token of recognition than the courteous bow he would have accorded any pupil in the school. Florry, doubting the evidence of her senses almost, turned to some one standing near.

"Who was that?" she asked.

"Mr. Kenyon, the new teacher of landscape drawing. Isn't he splendid? The girls are half-wild over him, and all petitioning to join his class. You'd better give in your name, Miss Redesdale."

"Not I!" answered Florry. "I've neither taste nor talent that way."

"And you knew he was here!" she ex-

claimed, when she found herself alone with Isola. "Provoking girl! why didn't you tell me? I wonder if it's probable he'll betray that wild-goose chase of ours?"

"I'm sure he will not," Isola answered, confidently, while the bright tint deepened on her cheeks. "You know how fond I am of drawing, and madame herself persuaded me to join his class to-day. We're invited into her parlor to-night, Florry—he's to be there, I believe, with the German professor and the French dancing-master, Miss Linch and Franklin Gratz, of course, to keep the equilibrium."

And, by skilfully leading the conversation, Isola warded off a repetition of the question why she had not informed her friend of the young artist's engagement in the school. Perhaps it was self-acknowledged inability to answer it which led her to do so.

A half-dozen of the elder girls were assembled in madame's parlor for the evening. Madame's little sociables were really charming affairs of their kind, and were given to propitiate that confidence and ease of manner which are so indispensable to well-bred young ladyhood.

Here Mr. Kenyon was presented in due form, but madame, with her usual discretion, kept him occupied between elderly Miss Linch and fussy Franklin Gratz for the greater part of the evening.

There was a little music, a little edifying conversation in which every one present was expected to take a part, some practical illustrations regarding the manner in which evening visitors should be received and entertained, and refreshments always served punctually at half-past nine. These consisted invariably of creamed coffee, crisp caraway cakes, with nuts, apples, or oranges following. A very stiffly-monotonous routine it appears in *resume*, but the careful Preceptress has the tact and ability to render it all very pleasant in reality.

It was not until coffee had been served, and the little company engaged in cracking almonds and English walnuts, cracking mild jokes in accompaniment, that Mr. Kenyon found a place at Florry's side.

"How in the world did you find an *entre*?" she asked. "I've been doubtless my own senses and Isola's word, you seemed so utterly unconscious of ever having seen me before."

"Madame is lynx-eyed and I thought that the utmost height of your ambition, Mr. Kenyon?"

"Ambition isn't the truest aspiration the human heart can entertain."

"No? It's the most prevalent, isn't it? Acknowledge, sir, that you have some very dazzling, brilliant future in anticipation. I never heard of an artist, whose soul was in his work, who didn't see every thing not embraced in the actual present *courte-de-rose*."

"What a discriminating young lady! I do acknowledge, and dare to ask in return—what are your aspirations, Miss Redesdale?"

"Mine?—oh, my fate is fixed!"

Was it only impulse that tempted her to flash that golden gleaming circlet on the slender left forefinger before his eyes, and to him laughing undertone:

"Love my love if friend thou'll be,  
Love my love not if enemy."

"Miss Redesdale!" It was madame who came gliding in between. Watchful, soft-voiced madame, on the alert to note this suspicion of a flirtation in the bud. "Miss Redesdale, it is your turn to play, I believe. That anthem you were practicing last?"

"What a discriminating young lady! I do acknowledge, and dare to ask in return—what are your aspirations, Miss Redesdale?"

"Engaged! Did madame, my mother, know that, I wonder? Ah, passion! rage if you will—this has decided me! Love, sweet love, is dearer than ambition!"

As he turned, his softened gaze met the appealing, anxious one of Isola Snow, and before the dazzling brightness of that smile of hers, she flushed with that new delight which had so lately come into her life.

After that time Florry saw little of him.

He had taken a class at the Academy for only a short term, which ended with the close of the old year. Florry—impulsive, willful Florry—was devoting herself, mind and heart, to the task of fitting herself for that place in the world which she was to grace by-and-by. She came here determined to make of herself a cultivated and accomplished woman, for the sake of Walter Lynne—she found herself forgetting the object in the keen delight she discovered in the pursuit.

She was a favorite with the entire establishment from the Preceptress down to the newest pupil entered. Madame had won golden opinions through her liberal treatment of the friendless waif, but being a thoroughly conscientious woman, with a kindly heart, she felt herself well repaid for all her care by the example and influence of her docile and intelligent pupil.

It was esteemed as a mark of high favor conferred upon Florry Redesdale that she was admitted to Isola's close companionship and assigned to be her room-mate.

She remained at the school through the Christmas holidays. Thanks to aunt Deb's care, she had the solid English education which may be attained by every average American girl—better, perhaps, than had the rudiments been acquired at a fashionable boarding-school such as this. Now she was devoting herself almost exclusively to the study of music and languages. She was not lonely during these holidays when the school was almost deserted. She had the general parlor and the grand piano to herself now, whenever she chose, and the long, silent hours to pore uninterruptedly over the French and Italian translations which were beginning to open their charms to her studies comprehension.

The bright, brief winter days sped on, until the last one was dropping from the old year's lingering grasp. The sun went down in a ruddy glow, and the shadows of the gray twilight came stealing across the snow-robed earth.

Florry sat in her own room, quite idle for once, dreaming some delicious fancies undefined and fleeting as the fantastic shapes she was tracing in the burning embers of the open grate. Delicately contended was she as she sat there, quite oblivious of the swiftly-flitting moments until a soft step came tapping through the corridor, and the door swung back to admit

Isola. She started up then with something like a feeling of guilty, regretful consciousness, as she remembered the change the morrow would bring her friend.

Isola's school-girl days were over. On the morrow—New Year's Day—she was to dine in state with the Preceptress, and after that she would be installed formally in her position among the resident governesses.

A flame like fever-hat was burning in her cheeks, her eyes were dilated and unusually brilliant. She came and knelt down by her side, pressing her hot cheek against Florry's hand.

"Promise me that you won't speak of my absence last night," said she. "If any one should ever question you, don't let it be known. Promise me, dear."

"Of course I shall not," answered Florry, in some surprise, noticing that the other did not offer the morning kiss they usually exchanged.

Instinctively Florry realized that some cloud had come between them, that never again would her sweet girl-friend be the same to her as in these month past.

"Why, what a sluggard I must be. Did I sleep so soundly as not to hear the bell?"

Then the bell rung its summons through the great, almost empty building, and Florry, springing out of bed, saw that her friend had neither undressed nor slept.

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#### CHAPTER IX.

##### GOING AWAY.

MADAME MOLYNEUX wishes to see Miss Redesdale, at once, in her private audience-room."

Miss Redesdale answered the summons, wondering on the way what madame could possibly want of her. When she was wild with pent-up mischief, when her exuberant spirits bubbled over in all sorts of daring freaks, when, accustomed to setting her small defiance against aunt Deb's stern restraining will, she had accepted it as a matter of consequence the same course was to be followed here, such a summons would scarcely have caused her much surprise.

But Madame Molyneux was a woman of tact. She was not blind to those first battemers of offense against her rules. She read her wayward charge in a day, and by appearing blind, adopted the surest means of bringing her within the required curb, until now Florry had been a very decorous, studious and trustworthy Florry indeed.

So now what the Preceptress wanted of her in the private audience-room, whose doors were supposed to open only to the reluctant entrance of a culprit into the judge's presence, but always mercifully shut in the severity of the lecture attending the sentence—whatever it might be. The offender might come forth with tingling ears and burning cheeks, but not a whisper of what occurred there was breathed to anxious watchers on the outer side. So, with an unardustred front, but not without an inward tremor, Florry walked into the dreaded presence.

The Preceptress did not appear so very formidable at sight. A tall, angular, stern-faced woman of fifty, with a soft voice and mild, blue eyes, whose expression could wonderfully soften the rather grim countenance. She carried New England precision in every motion, softened to stereotyped gracefulness by habitual posturing, and there were those who whispered that fashionable Madame Molyneux had sprung from a one-time simple Massachusetts school-mam.

It may have been so, for French schools,

like French millinery establishments, have sprung into undeniable popularity, and dispelled the assertion of the famed Bard of Avon, there is much in a name.

"Ah, Miss Redesdale, be seated." Madame was gracious. She was also straight to the point—she never waisted questioning.

This was Monday, in the second week of January. The school term was regularly resumed.

Had Miss Redesdale been absent from the building on the last night of December—New Year's Eve?

No, Miss Redesdale positively had not been absent.

That was all madame wished to inquire.

Like all bewilder, she stood and gazed around him, and over the lake with a feeling of horror and desolation. A savage yell came faintly to his ears from the northern side of the lake, and aroused him from his stupification of awe to a true sense of his own peril. He started, grasped his rifle, and ran his eyes over the lake with a keen, searching glance.

Far out upon its glassy bosom, over twenty rods from where he stood, he saw what appeared to be another sand-bar. He fixed his eyes upon it with a steady gaze, and as they became more accustomed to the object, he saw it was a sand-island. And, what seemed the most singular about it was, that he could see the dark forms of four or five persons lying upon it, plainly outlined against the white sand.

What he should do he could not tell.

Like one bewildered, he stood and gazed around him, and over the lake with a feeling of horror and desolation. A savage yell came faintly to his ears from the northern side of the lake, and aroused him from his stupification of awe to a true sense of his own peril.

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What did it mean? Our young friend endeavored to think for an answer, but the more he thought over the matter, the more perplexed his mind became.

Still he kept his eyes fixed upon the bar.

He saw that the dark figures upon it did not move, but he suddenly came to the startling conclusion that the island itself was moving!

To assure himself of this fact beyond a doubt he sighted an object far beyond, and in range with the island; then with steady eye he watched the line, and saw that the island was actually moving.

Something of the real affairs now

rushed across the young hunter's mind, and for evidence of his suspicion, he turned to the north side of the island, and began examining that portion from which a part of the whole had so mysteriously disappeared.

He found depressions in the sand that convinced him that a flat-boat, or raft, had been lodged against it quite recently.

And he now had every reason to believe that the raft, or boat, whichever it was, was there when they landed; and so cunningly covered with sand as to appear, to one stranger to the place, as a part of the island itself.

In fact, there was not a single doubt of this being the exact nature of the whole case.

The savages, apparently suspecting that the young hunters would flee to the island, to spend the remainder of the night, had preceded them with a float of logs, which they had moored at the end of the sand-bar, and covered so cunningly as to appear the dryest part of the island. Where the Indians had concealed themselves was a mystery. However, had the hunters been experienced bordermen, they would never have permitted themselves to be caught in such a trap.

Harry Thomas was totally ignorant of the number of savages engaged in towing his companions away. But he was a brave youth, and resolved to save his friends at all hazards.

Fortunately, the canoe had not been taken away with his sleeping companions, and in this he could embark to their rescue.

# SATURDAY JOURNAL

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glassy surface of the lake toward the floating island.

When within two rods of the raft, he permitted his canoe to come to a stand, so that he could ascertain, if possible, the direction from whence he might expect trouble, and its probable magnitude. But to his surprise he could not see a single savage, nor from whence the floating raft received its motive power. He could see, however, that it was moving, but so slowly that there was no danger of its motion disturbing the sleep of the four hunters.

Harry placed his rifle in a position to be readily grasped, then plied the paddle again. The canoe shot forward under his vigorous strokes, and in a minute its prow touched the raft.

It had been his intention to arouse his friends from their sleep by a vociferous shout, but as he saw no sign of savages, even when the raft was reached, he concluded that as great a silence as possible would be more appropriate.

So he reached forward with his paddle, and touched one of his companions, whom he succeeded in arousing with repeated "pinching" in the back.

The fellow arose to a sitting posture, yawned drowsily, and began rubbing his eyes and muttering to himself in an incoherent tone.

"Sh. Bart!" cautioned Harry, touching him with the paddle, "we're in great danger."

Burt Stanley started up wide awake, and in a minute Harry succeeded in getting him to understand the critical nature of their situation. No time was to be lost, and Stanley turned, and arousing his companions hurried them and their effects into the canoe.

Harry Thomas at once plied the paddle, and sent the craft back toward the island, Burt explaining to them as they went the nature of the danger from which they had been so opportunely saved by Harry.

They had not made more than half the distance between the island and the raft, when they happened to glance back and saw three Indians standing on the latter, gesturing in a violent manner. Where they had been concealed, unless it was under the raft, they could form no idea.

Some were for firing upon the savages, but others objected, and they pushed on toward the sand-bar. They were within fifty yards of it when they made another startling discovery. A party of savages had taken possession of the island during Harry's absence, and a short distance north of this they saw two canoes loaded with warriors bearing directly down upon them at a rapid speed.

"Boys!" exclaimed Harry, "the red devils are after us, three to one! We will have to fly and seek safety in the reeds along the south side of the lake."

"Yes, yes!" responded one of his comrades, "head therewith quickly, Harry, quickly!"

Harry headed the prow of the canoe southward, and plied the paddle vigorously. He was greatly assisted by his companions, who used the butts of their rifles as paddles.

They did not gain upon the savages, but succeeded in maintaining their distance between. It was an exciting chase, and lasted for several minutes, when our friends' canoe glided into that wilderness of reeds that grew far out into the water along the southern side of the lake.

Under this cover they entertained little fear of being found by the cunning Sioux, nevertheless they lost no time in working their way into the heart of the miniature forest. They struck into one of those passages, cut by the animals that made the reeds their haunts, and laying aside the paddle, they drew the canoe along by means of the reeds. In this manner they worked themselves through the intricate mazes of the wilderness for several minutes, when they halted to listen.

But all was silent as desolation with the single exception of the gentle rustling of the reeds in the soft night-wind.

"What shall we do, boys?" asked Harry Thomas; "go on, or remain here?"

"We will probably be as safe here as anywhere," replied Burt Stanley.

"Very likely," replied another. "The whole Indian nation seems congregated around this lake."

"Yes, and I am afraid our old friend Solitary, and detective Dart have got into trouble," said young Thomas. "I heard a rifle-shot, and a fearful yelling around on the north side of the lake awhile ago."

"Rest assured Old Solitary will take care of himself, but as to Dart, I—"

"Sh. sh!" cautioned young Thomas; "hark! listen!"

Each one bent his head and listened intently.

They started. Somewhere within that forest of reeds they could hear a canoe raking through one of those narrow thoroughfares. The sound was so very faint that they could not tell the direction from whence it came, but as the canoe came nearer—as they knew it was by the increasing sound—they found it was approaching from the south.

Their first impulse was to flee, but calm reflection convinced them that it would only hazard their situation, for they could not pass through the reeds without creating a noise that would be sufficient to direct the movements of the foe. Moreover, they would be just as apt to run into danger as to run from it, and so they concluded to remain where they were.

The prow of their canoe was headed westward, and just before it, crossing its path at right-angles, ran one of those passages made by the otters. It was wider than most of them, and the flags above failing to meet, a narrow belt of moonlight defined the course of the passage along the surface of the water. There was quite a patch of light lying on the water where the two trails crossed, and this was not over five feet from the prow of our friends' canoe. Any object crossing this could be plainly seen, while the hunters were concealed within the impenetrable shadows.

The raking sound produced by the approaching canoe, convinced our friends that it was coming up the wide, moonlit passage, crossing at their prows.

They listened intently for some sound that would tell them whether the canoe contained friends or foes. But they could hear nothing save the raking of the reeds against the sides of the craft.

They felt in hopes it was Old Solitary, though he had little upon which to maintain these dobes. For the canoe was evidently a large one, and was, judging from the slowness with which it moved, heavily loaded.

Our friends awaited its approach in

breathless suspense. There was not a doubt now, but that it would pass along the moonlit trail; for already they could see tiny waves dashing across the patch of light before them, and could hear them creeping among the stalks like wriggling serpents.

Every moment they expected it to burst upon their view, for now it was so close that Harry Thomas, who sat nearest the passage, was sure he heard a sound like a suppressed sob.

At length the prow of the craft came slowly into view, as did also the hands and arms of a savage, who was reaching forward, hand-over-hand, and drawing the canoe along by means of the reeds. As more of the canoe came into view, it showed the savage was standing up. Behind him sat two other warriors with their backs to their course, and between these two, and two others that sat in the stern of the boat, were Ethel Leland and Millie Fayville, locked in each other's embrace and sobbing bitterly.

They were helpless captives!

## CHAPTER XVI.

### THE SECRET OF THE HAWTHORN.

CAPTAIN ROLAND DISBROWE went on with his "military" preparations about the settlement, manifesting no uneasiness over what he had seen and heard. In fact, no one could have told that his heart was in a tumult of emotions, and that his spirit was chafing in bitter suspense.

He thought the sun never would go down, so anxious was he to know what secret the hawthorn back of the Crystal Spring would hold for Ethel. But when the sun had finally set, the captain stole out into the openings, and by a circuitous route reached the Crystal Spring.

Forthwith he went to the hawthorn, and in the crook of the numerous limbs that put out he found a small folded paper.

With an eager, triumphant flash of the eyes he clutched the paper and vanished from the spot. Out in the openings where the shadows were not so deep, he stopped, unfolded the paper, and read:

"Ethel, my darling, Heaven still favors me. But one more link is wanted in the chain of evidence to prove my innocence.

Your suffering, yet affectionate

HUSBAND."

"Great God!" burst from Disbrowe's lips. His face grew deathly pale, and his hand trembled violently. "Husband!" he hissed, between his set teeth. "Is it possible that Ethel Leland has a husband? Surely not!"

But this paper is evidence to that effect. Curse the luck! am I to lose Woldcairn Heights after years of faithful labor? No, I shall not—I will not be defeated by the gods of Olympus! I will not! Ay, ay, Jabez Dart! I see into your pretended search for the Hart's Ford murderer. It is the heir to Woldcairn that you are hunting, but you may yet fail."

There was something in the tone as well as the looks of the speaker, that implied a secret resolve—a murderous threat.

For a moment he stood, as if undecided in his course, but at length he turned, and retracing his steps to the spring, put the paper back in the crook of the hawthorn.

"Now," he muttered to himself, "I must find out whether Wanocosta, the Sioux chief, escaped the Monster of the Lake or not."

He returned to his stable, and procuring his steed's halter, the next minute he was mounted and flying westward like the wind.

"Millie, will you not take a walk with me to the Crystal Spring?"

"Of course I will, sweet sister; but why not go down to the brook? Will it not be a more pleasant walk?"

"It would be, Millie; but, then, I have an errand down to the spring."

"Then we will go there, Ethel, but we must not stay long, for there may be danger about."

The sisters each threw a light shawl hoodlike over her head, and leaving the house, walked briskly down toward the wind.

"Millie, will you not take a walk with me to the Crystal Spring?"

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Mr. Albert W. Aiken's Last and Best!

ROCKY MOUNTAIN ROB,

The Californian Outlaw;

OR,

THE VIGILANTES OF HUMBUG BAR.

A true story of the Wisdom river diggings, depicting the people and manners of the Rocky Mountain mining region. The terrible Road-agents, whose deeds every now and then send a thrill of horror along the whole line of the Western frontier, play a conspicuous part; the "Heathen Chinee"—washing woman, cook, bar-keeper and patient taster after golden grains in mountain gulches forsaken by the Anglo-Saxon, also appears; and last, though not least, Mr. Lo, the poor Indian—Blackfoot chief, poker-player, rum-drinker and scalp-lifter—is drawn to the life. And amid the wild scenes common to mining life of the mountains runs the charming love story of

Bessie Shook, the Belle of Humbug, and Colomba Mereme, the dark-eyed messenger of vengeance from the sunny plains of belle France; the woman within whose brain love and hate struggled for supremacy.

AND JOHNNY BIRD, TOO,

"The Gay Young Rooster from Geyser Springs," quick to revenge an affront and prompt to aid the weak, full of quaint sayings, and brimming over with the peculiar humor so common on the frontier, will be a popular favorite.

Strong in plot, terse and sparkling in language, exciting in dramatic situation, this story is destined to create a profound impression.

## Our Arm-Chair.

**Chat.**—A friend says he finds, in a certain medical journal, the following summary of human dissipation: "Out of every 1,000 men, 800 use alcohol stimulants; 950 use tobacco; 250 use either opium, hashish or morphine; 56 use either arsenic, chloroform or ether; 28 use aphrodisiacs; 230 use chloral hydrate. Out of every 1,000 women, 420 use alcohol stimulants; 230 use either chloroform, ether or cocaine; 90 use morphine; 25 use either arsenic, belladonna or chloral hydrate; 350 use valerian"—and asks what we think about it. We think the man who made such a statement is crazy, and that the person who believes it must be greedy for "facts." It is ridiculously untrue. If the writer meant to say anything approximating to truth, the "one thousand men" might have been qualified as one thousand invalids or patients—the cause of whose afflictions were the poisons named; but even that statement would not bear the test of proof. The amount of liquor and tobacco consumed of course is very large; but of opium and all its preparations, the number of people addicted to their use is comparatively, exceedingly small among Americans.

Humorists do not always wear smiling faces. Josh Billings looks as sober as a Sphinx, and our own Whitehorn and Beat Time have a predilection for grave associates. Joe Jo, Jr. is a kind of nondescript; sometimes you'd think he was the father of Benedictine friars, and sometimes the son of Bacchus' oldest paymaster. John G. Saxe is as much a Tennyson as a Saxe-on, and like the Saxe-horn, he is a combination of brass and music. But, having removed to Brooklyn "for permanent," he will of course become as serious as the best of them. Tom Hood wrote many of his funniest things when actually racked by pain or amid the distress of poverty, yet the patience of the man was so marvelous that one of his biographers assumes that the lesson taught by his life was that the sense of humor is one of the strongest inducements to submit with a wise and pliant patience to the vicissitudes of human existence. This certainly is crediting the "sense of humor" with a new attribute. If, the funnier a man is the more patient he is, under the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune and the chills, it is deeply lamentable that some men and women we know were not funny-born.

We cry "mercy!" to that class of readers who saw in our notice of a forlorn widow a desire to assist her matrimonially. We thought, at the time, the advertisement which we quoted was a joke, and think so still; but if some forlorn widower, or some sympathetic bachelor, or some rascally youngster bent on fun thinks otherwise, we beg of them to advertise in some Chicago paper for the "widow's" address. We know we agreed to give it, but we hereby withdraw that promise.

**A Cup of Good Coffee.**—Who knows what a cup of good coffee is? Not one person in ten! The slop served up in homes, hotels, railway eating-houses and restaurants, as the established beverage of the breakfast-table, proves that our people are ignorant of what good coffee is, for, if they really knew the good from the bad, the American is not the person to refrain from such an emphatic expression of his wishes as would compel a compliance with them. This slop is a decoction so strangely compounded that the keenest chemist would fail to trace the constituents.

If the people who drink the decoction only knew the tons upon tons of beans, peas, rye, old bread, chickory, dandelion roots, etc., that are daily browned and ground up into "coffee," they might have some faint conception of the rascality of coffee-dealers and the nature of the solution they are daily pouring into their stomachs to its great detriment, and the permanent injury of the kidneys and liver. It is said, by those who assume to know, that all the ground coffee sold is adulterated from fifteen to fifty per cent with some one or more of the articles named. As in this ground shape detection is impossible, the incentives to greater profits have led "the trade" to regard the adulterated article as a legitimate and proper commodity of traffic, and thus it has become an established practice to deal in what they know is a drugged or deteriorated article of common consumption.

It would show all sides of me, and people could walk around me. I didn't want only half a picture, and if any thing was to be left out to let it be the rheumatism; and, as I am a little hard of hearing, he might be careful and not get any deafness in the picture.

He then turned his "chameleon obscurer" upon me.

I was getting frightened and thought he might have some murderous designs of blowing me to pieces.

I begged him to give me chloroform or laughing gas, and said I would much rather he would.

But he told me to sit quietly now, and keep my eyes on the camera and I would see a little bird fly out, and not speak, for he couldn't take my word.

"Steady, now," said he, removing the cloth and turning his back to me: but I couldn't see any little bird coming out very fast, and thought the artist was a humbug, and changed myself into an easier position by turning around so both sides of me should be represented in the picture, and went to making chalk-marks on the screen.

Then he said, "All right," and shut up the machine, and said I was a blamed fool, and a variety of other things.

I jumped up and asked him by what rule in arithmetic he ciphered that conclusion out, and felt on the instant that I would have to crum up his head down his throat and let him die of strangulation.

He said, by moving I had spoiled my picture. I told him to use a little more Etiquette Book to me, or I would spoil his.

He tried it again and told me to sit still this time, and not even move my ears, nor laugh in my sleeve. I asked him if I was allowed to think. He rung a little bell and sat very quietly, and moved as little as I could in removing my right boot which was very tender.

He then said all right and turned round to shut up the machine, and suddenly said, "Thunder! Why man, I don't believe I can ever get to take a picture of you unless you sit in somebody's lap, or put on a strait-jacket."

I told him that I never was known to sit still unless I had a good deal of work to do, and then I always overdid it, and asked if he wouldn't let me get behind a screen when he went to take my picture again.

He replied that I would make a better picture that way than if I was in front of it.

At last he gave me some soothing syrup, got a dead set on me, and promised that he would give me a stick of candy if I wouldn't move, which I didn't, except to put my foot down on a mouse which came out and went to nibbling my boot; then he closed the box and said he had me in there now, and, to tell the truth, it is the best bird's-eye view of myself I ever saw. Talk about the Venus de Medici, the Goloshes of Roads, or Samuel Patch—they ain't anywhere! As the artist said, he could take

I let him take my note!

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

## Woman's World.

That hateful Sunbonnet.—Some hints of coming fashions for Bonnets, Dresses, etc.—Fitness and unfitness in matters of dress. Away with the Sunbonnet!

GENTLE READERS OF THE WOMAN'S WORLD, you upon whose brows wrinkles, instead of sunny curls, begin to encroach, tell me, did you ever wear an old-fashioned sunbonnet? I did when I was a school-girl, which wasn't quite a thousand years ago. The teacher would insist that I could draw maps, and I was headstrong enough to consider that when impossibilities became possibilities, then could I draw maps, but not until then. Well, he kept me half an hour after school, to pay me for my stubbornness, and I just vowed all sorts of theatrical vengeance against him; hoping that he'd get hairs in every pen he wrote with—that his paper would be full of crumps, and that file would find an untimely grave in his ink-bottles. I was never going to forgive him; no, never! But when I went to the funeral of his dear little babe, and saw him shed tears over that little waxen face, so cold in death, and kiss those dear little lips that would never prattle more, I knew he was not heartless, and I never tried to vex him again. Were it not that death visits us, I do verily believe we'd never forgive some of those around us, or give over, for a time, our frivolity and thoughtlessness.

Sometimes I wonder if we are aware of the many harsh and fretful words we use in our intercourse with those about us, and if we should like to be treated in the same way ourselves. We speak cross to the people who work for us, and don't think it quite so pleasant if the tables are turned, and we find others complaining at what we have done. Yes, we love to tyrannize over one another, and point out faults, because, you know, we never have any!

Sometimes how naughty we grow, and let our angry passions rise" when the hymn-book tells us we ought not to do any thing of the kind, and act just as foolishly as I did, when I was a school-girl, which wasn't quite a thousand years ago.

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And do you not now rejoice, dear matrons, that the reign of the sunbonnet and the dunstable, the Leghorn flat and the gig-top caleche is over?

If you don't, I know one girl does; or would, if they had ever been forced over so lovingly, as I was by my tenderest of mothers, to wear a hateful sunbonnet, or any other monstrosity in vogue about the time I was a little girl.

We are all advocates of progression in matters of dress. We all like new fashions and new garments; but there is as much false progression in dress as in some other matters. We progressed too fast and too far in the bonnet business when we stuck those little bits of straw, or gauze, or velvet and ribbon, and lace on our heads, in front of our balloon-like chignons; or wore those little loves of hats, that looked like soplantes tilting over on our noses, and hiding our foreheads, that were in fashion about three years ago. We are doing much better in bonnet and hat progression now. The hats of this winter are veritable hats, which cover the whole top of the head. The bonnets, too, are almost bonnets.

By another season, or by next fall at furthest, we may hope to see that most becoming of all bonnets that a woman wore, the cottage, revived. That bonnet which you and I, and all ladies of good taste preferred, when we were girls; but may we never again be forced to sit in the shade of a sunbonnet or dunstable, a poke-bonnet or a caleche!

Yes, we may well say, Heaven bless this day of pretty cheap hats and bonnets!

"Cheap hats and bonnets!" cries the astonished city belle, or country belle, as the case may be, who never orders one save from an establishment that charges from twenty to fifty dollars for that prime necessity of a woman's outfit. Yes, I reiterate it: bless this day of cheap hats and bonnets! for cheap and beautiful hats and bonnets can be purchased, and those which are in good taste and of excellent materials, provided one knows how to shop, and where to go for them, in the "great variety fair," called New York.

I am wearing a "love of a bonnet" that cost only nine dollars, and my daughter wears a six-dollar hat, and if we were fashionable fibbers, and said, with unblushing sang froid, that they came from "Mine, Florio's," of Fifth avenue, instead of telling the truth and saying "We got them on Eighth avenue" everybody would believe us, and declare they were "exquisite." Now "everybody" don't know, indeed very few do know, that these Eighth avenue hats are trimmed by the very same "girls" that trim "Mine, Florio's." The Mine's establishment closes at five in the afternoon. Her "girls" go immediately to their cheap dinners, and then over on Eighth avenue for a night job. They get it, take it home, or to the wretched room they call home, trim it, if it is a hat or bonnet, and return it the next morning before they go to "Mine, Florio's," which opens at nine, and where they are due at half-past eight, A.M.

Some of these girls, by the way, are on the "heavenly side" of forty; but they never cease to be "girls."

Fitness is the perfection of taste in dress.

## Foolscap Papers.

## Getting A Photograph.

THE artist asked me if I wanted a full-faced picture. I told him that was just what I wanted as my cheeks were getting rather thin, and if it was possible, and wouldn't cost too much, I said I would like to have it taken to look just as I did when I was twenty-five, with clustering curls overshadowing my noble brow, in place of this heavy absence of hair which now cumbers me.

I wanted the photograph pretty large, on the scale of a mile and a half to the inch, and wished him to be very particular in taking my teeth, which were just from the shop.

I sat down and arranged myself in a classical attitude. My carpet-sack, which was arranged for light traveling (that is, with nothing in it but a tooth-brush), reposed gracefully at my feet (I asked him if he would take my feet); he said he would, and I told him he might have them, bunnies and all). My gingham umbrella was under my arm, and my coat buttoned up to the neck to save my shirt (it was the only one I had, and I didn't want him to take that). I waited for it a good while and was proud of it.

I told him I wanted the picture taken so

that it would show all sides of me, and people could walk around me. I didn't want only half a picture, and if any thing was to be left out to let it be the rheumatism; and, as I am a little hard of hearing, he might be careful and not get any deafness in the picture.

He then turned his "chameleon obscurer" upon me.

I was getting frightened and thought he might have some murderous designs of blowing me to pieces.

I begged him to give me chloroform or laughing gas, and said I would much rather he would.

But he told me to sit quietly now, and keep my eyes on the camera and I would see a little bird fly out, and not speak, for he couldn't take my word.

"Steady, now," said he, removing the cloth and turning his back to me: but I couldn't see any little bird coming out very fast, and thought the artist was a humbug, and changed myself into an easier position by turning around so both sides of me should be represented in the picture, and went to making chalk-marks on the screen.

Then he said, "All right," and shut up the machine, and said I was a blamed fool, and a variety of other things.

At a grand ball or reception, held in such a spacious apartment as the Academy of Music in this city, court-trains of velvet and shimmering silk and satin, floating away three yards in length behind the wearer; flecked with quivering and flashing gems, may look in place; but, for an assembly or party in the country or village, even when fortunes are counted sometimes by millions as well as by thousands, such dressing would be as inappropriate as a hat of bonnet costing fifty or seventy-five dollars would in the village church. As the few only and not the majority could appear in such costumes, and as the entertainers of such magnificently arrayed guests might be forced to the uncomfortable thought, that one yard of the lace on the dress of one of their guests, or a single ornament in her hair, probably cost more than their whole entertainment, the *unfitness* must force itself on the most obtuse.

If you have an ample fortune, and have the good fortune to hold your possessions in the country, you can aid your neighbors to dress fashionably and elegantly by modeling your own dresses and giving them the benefit of "seeing it done."

You need not make all your dresses of the costliest materials; it would be best to have only a few very costly dresses. Cheap fabrics, made up neatly and elegantly in the prevailing mode, would answer the purpose and make your friends feel that their means were not so painfully less than yours.

With a "catalogue of fashions" in your possession, and what tasteful and beautiful models you could give your neighbors for their own inexpensive garments.

What would that patient and gentle mother, who used to tie on my hated sunbonnet, have given for such facilities as we now have at our command for fashioning and making our little ones' clothes.

No more fitting and refitting since the graded paper patterns have come into use. Measures taken around the waist and bust, and one "try on," and the garment is fitted. Into the devouring jaws of the sewing machine passes the ruffles and flounces, the long skirt seams, and hems and falls and bindings, and the garment is "turned out" with an exactness, a stamp of perfection upon it, unknown in former years, and in less than one-fifth of the time it used to take.

I told him that I never was known to sit still unless I had a good deal of work to do, and then I always overdid it, and asked if he wouldn't let me get behind a screen when he went to take my picture again.

He replied that I would make a better picture that way than if I was in front of it.

At last he gave me some soothing syrup, got a dead set on me, and promised that he would give me a stick of candy if I wouldn't move, which I didn't, except to put my foot down on a mouse which came out and went to nibbling my boot; then he closed the box and said he had me in there now, and, to tell the truth, it is the best bird's-eye view of myself I ever saw. Talk about the Venus de Medici, the Goloshes of Roads, or Samuel Patch—they ain't anywhere! As the artist said, he could take

## Readers and Contributors.

To Correspondents and Authors.—No MSS. received that are not duly prepaid in postage.—No MSS. preserved for future orders.—Unvaluable MSS. promptly returned only where stamp accompanying the inclosure, for such return.—No correspondence of any nature is permissible in a package marked as "Book MS."—MSS. which are imperfect are not used or returned. In all cases only choice rests first upon the editor, and the second upon the author. L.S. "Copy," "Original," "First edition," "Second edition," "Third edition," "Fourth edition," "Fifth edition," "Sixth edition," "Seventh edition," "Eighth edition," "Ninth edition," "Tenth edition," "Ele

# SATURDAY JOURNAL.

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## CUPID'S AUCTION SALE.

BY ARNOLD ISLER.

**Going! Going! Going!** Gone!  
A sweet merry maiden of twenty-one;  
With a voice as clear as a nightingale;  
Who would not buy at an auction sale,  
When maidens so nice,  
And exceedingly wise,  
Can be bought at such a low price?

**Going! Going! Going!** Sold!  
That toothless old maid of forty-nine!  
She's got all the rest of my life,  
If she but turns out to be a good wife;  
What if she don't? Then  
The wrinkle-faced hen,  
Won't find me one of the mildest of men.

**Going! Going! Going!** Come! who buys  
This fair little maiden with laughing eyes,  
And lips as sweet as the flowers of May.  
Johnny! give me a bid. Come, what do you say,  
Shall I sell her or not?  
She will brighten your lot,  
And bring love and happiness into your cot.

**Sold at last!** the fairest of girls,  
With rosy cheeks and auburn curly hair,  
Sold out at last! Oh, who would fall,  
To attend "Cupid's Auction Sale?"

## A Man's Forgiveness.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

Up in the fast darkening, purple sky the silver stars were peeping out, and Inez Carleton had counted the traditional lucky three, and watched the bright, full moon from between the larch branches, until it soared away up in the cloudless path of the sky.

And Inez stood very still on the high veranda that commanded a view of the moonlight landscape for miles.

But she was not thinking of what was before her; nor was Alf Vandeleur, as he leaned over the light iron railing, and moodily listened to the murmurous plashing of the rill that flowed along beneath them.

Almost abruptly he turned toward Inez, with an eager earnestness that made her start.

"Inez, I want an answer! You must tell me, once for all, yes or no. Inez, do you care for me—just the least?"

His tone had suddenly changed from impatient impatience to pleading tenderness, and his fine face and grand, dark eyes lighted up with a smile that told how much depended on this girl's answer.

She was a quiet, restful woman, whose calm, deliberate movements contrasted almost strangely with her nervousness; a blue-eyed, golden-haired girl, who had won the meshes of her sweet allurements around Alf Vandeleur, until now, on this bright October night, only four months from the hour he had seen her first, he was giving her his love and asking her in return.

As he spoke, Inez turned her cold, haughty face toward him. Cold and haughty her classic face always was, so that in its impassive lines, Alf Vandeleur was too blind to read the doom it held for him.

It was a doom she held in store for him, for he had laid his all at her feet.

"Why, Mr. Vandeleur, surely you have not dreamed that my answer could be other than no?"

He suddenly grasped her wrists in his strong hands.

"What is that you said?"

She essayed to drag her white hands loose, but she was held in an iron grip, and it brought hot flushes surging to her face.

"I say I am astonished that you think I have encouraged you—given you the slightest reason to suppose I would ever marry you. I am engaged to Mr. Carroll. Unhand me, please, Mr. Vandeleur."

There was a spicie of angry command in her quick, low tones, and when she mentioned Harry Carroll's name, Alf threw her fairy hands from him as if their soft touch were contamination.

"Heaven help us—poor Carroll and I! or, Miss Carleton, do you intend to keep your word to him?"

He half-laughed as he spoke, watching Inez caress her wrists, that bore red lines where he had gripped them.

Then she raised her haughty, passionate face.

"What is it to you? How dare you ask me such a question?"

"Oh," he retorted, "I merely thought you might trifile with Mr. Carroll as well as me. That is all."

He was looking steadily at her—at that face so worshiped, so often dreamed would one day be all his own; and he saw how the blue eyes fairly scintillated with anger, as she replied:

"Mr. Vandeleur"—and her voice was low, concentrated, intense in its sweet cadences—"if you will tell me wherein I have trifiled with you, I will tell you what I intend to do regarding Mr. Carroll."

"Then you have intentions respecting him?"

I beg pardon, Miss Carleton; I had not given you credit for any."

He was so icy, so bitterly sarcastic; and she felt her own steely repose giving way before the feline, unnatural indifference of this lover of hers, who, until this hour, she had led on—and knew she had led on, with a chain of roses.

She watched him covertly, as he leaned in graceful carelessness against the white, ivy-wreathed pillar. She saw a calm, handsome exterior; but of the awful battle raging in his soul, that her fair hands had incited, whose signal for the deadly fray her lips had given, she little dreamed. But she did wonder, as she watched him, with a little sigh she would have died rather than had him hear, if, after all, she had done wisely in rejecting Alf Vandeleur, and accepting Harry Carroll?

"Carroll!" As Mr. Vandeleur spoke his companion's name, he deliberately removed his cigar from between his lips, and held it poised between thumb and finger. There was an odd smile on his mouth, that had been there since the evening, now a fortnight ago, that Inez Carleton, and he had had such an unvarnished conversation.

Harry Carroll stood just inside the window, watching a group of ladies who had congregated near the end of the hotel stoop. One of them, and the brightest, prettiest, and most radiant, was Inez, who, occasionally, raised her witching eyes to her lover.

"Carroll!" Vandeleur was obliged to repeat the name; and then Harry turned his head

from the window to the easy-chair that held half of Alf Vandeleur—the other half of him being accommodated by a gay velvet camp-chair.

"Well, Alfred—say it."

"I am not so sure that I ought to say it, after all, old fellow. But I would like to know if you are going to marry Miss Carleton?"

He watched Harry narrowly, and saw joyous light kindle in his eyes as Harry involuntarily, it seemed, looked down again over his betrothed's queenly form and beautiful face.

"Marry her? there's nothing in the world that shall prevent it! Alf, old boy, isn't she a jewel? Wouldn't you give all you're worth to stand in my shoes—eh?"

A little frown contracted Vandeleur's forehead; other than it, he gave no sign.

"Well, that depends," he returned, orally. "I suppose if Miss Carleton adored me as she adores you, I should have considered myself a very happy man. As affairs really exist, I regard myself a disappointed man, and at the same time a fortunate one."

And then he took lazy puffs at his fragrant cigar, waiting for the burst of astonishment he knew would come.

"You talk in riddles, Alf. Why, in connection with Miss Carleton, do you consider yourself a fortunately-disappointed individual?"

"Simply because when I proposed to her last Wednesday two weeks, she coolly told me she had been engaged to you while she was trifling with me, Carroll."

Alf jumped up from his seat with a white face that betrayed more emphatically than his words had done how severe the blow had been.

Carroll's lips curled haughtily, and his tones were colder and harder than Alf had heard them.

"And you, considering yourself a gentleman, come and repeat this matter to Miss Carleton's betrothed husband?"

Harry walked up to Alf's side very excitedly, and went on, in his impulsive way: "Because I am the lucky man, and Miss Inez—nonsense, Alf; what a fool I am! I can't afford to lose you, my old friend, if you do provoke me. But seriously, what did she do, Alf?"

Harry's better nature was asserting itself, and he laid his hand on Vandeleur's shoulder most amicably.

"Harry," said Alf, "not for all the world would I stand between you and your happiness; nor is it that I am jealous of your 'better luck,'—you think it so—that I mentioned Miss Carleton to you. But I, who a month ago loved that woman to distraction—I tell you to-night that she has done me a favor in refusing me. I can see it now, Harry, that the woman who would knowingly try to win one man's heart when she is bound to another, is not the woman I want for my wife; besides, my friend, if you do provoke me. But seriously, what did she do, Alf?"

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an hour walked restlessly to and fro in her room, and then drew her writing-desk to her lap again.

This time, as she wrote, her cheeks paled and flushed, and little irregularities in the usually faultless lines of beauty showed when and where her fingers had trembled with the burden of nervous anxiety; and then, when the half-boy had been charged to carry it personally to Mr. Vandeleur, Inez Carleton, the proud, the peerless, who had not scrupled to trample on two men's hearts, cowered down in her chair, to await with madly-throbbing heart, her destiny.

In his room Alf Vandeleur had read Inez Carleton's note, that lay still open before him; that he and Harry Carroll had read; one with pale face and quivering lips, the other with a quiet calmness, that denoted the perfect victory he had gained over his heart.

This was her appeal to him:

"Mr. Vandeleur, I have given up the one who unconsciously came between us. I did not know then, but I know now how wrong I was. Will you forgive what I said that night? Will you forget it? Will you be merciful, and let me tell you again I mean for differently?"

It needed no name at its close, nor had it any.

And on the reverse side of the paper (oh, cruellest, most cutting thing to do under any except business circumstances!) Alf wrote, in lead pencil:

"I forgive and forget—Inez Carleton."

"Is it not better so, Harry?" he said, after the sable messenger of Cupid had wonderfully taken the third note, and grimly pocketed the ten-cent stamp.

"As she says—in a year it will make no difference," returned Harry; but his eyes were full of pain.

"Come, come, old fellow! don't give up!

Let's pack our portmanteaus, and off for Sharon Springs, by the noon train, eh? A change of air will work miracles. Besides it will be kinder to her."

And all that day in her room, Inez Carleton cried over that cold, cruel line that told her, for her thoughtless conduct, even when redeemed by repentance, she was forgotten and avenged.

CHAPTER XXX.

DOWN THE RAPPAHANNOCK.

The old man bowed his head in his hands and groaned aloud; the remembrance of the fatal night when he had yielded to temptation and bartered his soul for gold, was turned up in the sky. I jest looked at it a min'te an' then I went over in a fit. When I come to myself, Jethro was a-bending over me an' poun'ing whisky down my throat. The dreadful

"I got up an' crawled out, an' there floating down on the tide, in a pile of driftwood, was the dead body of my passenger. Oh, Delie! I kin see it now jest as plain as I did then. He was floating on his back, and his white face, with a leetle red wound in his temple, was turned up to the sky. I jest looked at it a min'te an' then I went over in a fit. When I come to myself, Jethro was a-bending over me an' poun'ing whisky down my throat. The dreadful

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"I got up an' crawled out, an' there floating down on the tide, in a pile of driftwood, was the dead body of my passenger. Oh, Delie! I kin see it now jest as plain as I did

"Yea."  
"Well, you can't do it."  
"What?" Hollis was astonished.  
"I tell you you can't do it; she can't marry anybody."  
"Why not?" the carpenter asked in wonder.

"Well, that's my secret."

"You're lying to me!"

"As I stand here a living man, I'm only speaking the truth!" Bick exclaimed.

Hollis looked at him for a few minutes in wonder, the intelligence had taken him utterly by surprise.

"I don't understand," the carpenter said, slowly.

"Of course not; you don't know the past life of this girl as well as I do."

"Then she can't marry Sin Paxton!"

"No; I tell you that she won't marry anybody."

"Well, that's some comfort," Hollis muttered.

"And now, the quicker you make up your mind to forget this girl, the better it will be for you."

"Oh, it's easy enough to say that."

"You might as well do it first as last."

"Ain't this a trick on your part to fool me?" Hollis asked, suspiciously.

"What the deuce do I care about the matter?" Bick cried, impatiently; "I'm not in love with her. It doesn't matter to me whom she marries, but I tell you, first and last, she won't marry anybody."

"Go on; I won't trouble you."

Hollis stepped aside, and Bick passed on.

The carpenter seemed like one stunned; slowly he proceeded up the street.

The adventurer walked rapidly away, chuckling to himself at his escape.

"The madman would have strangled me some dark night," he muttered, as he hastened onward.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 140.)

## Iron and Gold:

OR,  
THE NIGHT-HAWKS OF ST. LOUIS.

BY A. P. MORRIS, JR.,  
AUTHOR OF "FLAMING TALISMAN," "BLACK CREST-  
CENT," "HOODWINKED," "HERCULES, THE  
MUNCHBACK," "PEARL OF PEARLS,"  
"THE RED SCORPION," ETC.

### CHAPTER XXIV.

FACE TO FACE.

"A hopeless darkness settles o'er my fate!"  
—BAVILLE.  
"My very soul seems moldering in my bosom!"  
—BYRON.

THE two young girls eyed each other in silence after their simultaneous exclamation.

Astonishment was pictured on the features of both.

Ide Wyn was first to recover.

"Strange!" murmured the beautiful young ex-queen of the thieves, while she regarded Zella steadfastly with her large, lustrous orbs—and met there, in return, a gaze so much like her own, that it seemed but a perfect reflection of it.

Then she added, interrogatively:

"Who are you?"

"Who are you?" demanded Zella, beginning to resist the sensations of awe, the feeling of amazement which seized her upon the appearance of her counterpart.

"You shall know, presently," returned Ide, in a meaning way.

"Tell me now, insisted Zella. "There is something very singular in this—"

"Granted," was the interruption. "But, for the present, we will not discuss it. I have come to say that you—"

"That I?"

"That you have awakened a great curiosity in me."

"A curiosity?"

"I have come quite a distance to see you—to have a few words with you. You remember me passing here to-day in a harrache."

"Ah! the barouche!" thought Zella, as for a second's time, the occurrence at mid-day was recalled to her mind.

But we will deviate slightly just at this point, to say:

Hugh Winfield called at the house of Ide Wyn at precisely the hour agreed upon, when he parted with his new betrothed, on the evening of his first visit to her.

Ide summoned her barouche to the front door—an elegant turn-out, with mettlesome steeds, coal-black and glossy; harness richly mounted, and quivering, in places, with pivoted stars; a driver attired in flash liveliness; a vehicle for pleasure, costly furnished and luxuriously easy.

The young man had mastered himself marvelously since the night previous. And, as the couple were borne along, viewing the places of interest panoramic before them by the well-instructed driver, Hugh was even more under the influence of Ide's bright smiles and melodious voice.

"See, Hugh—there is your father. He is bowing!"

They passed Cyrus Winfield, who raised his hat. He was the same man on the street he had ever been—proud, haughty; a man who walks with a tread of confidence, and lives in conscious power.

He looked after them, and uttered:

"God bless that boy! He has proved himself a noble, noble son!"

As he was about to move on, an individual of short stature, wearing a slouch hat and a heavy beard, stepped up and tapped him familiarly on the arm.

"Well, sir?—ah!"

"Yes, it's me. I want to tell you that I'm on the scene!"

"Ha!—on the scene, eh?"

"Exactly. Ever see this?" He displayed a twenty-dollar gold-piece, which had three round holes punched in it, on the imaginary line of a triangle; and, across the face of it, there was a rude cross, evidently cut in an idle moment, by a former owner.

"Ha!—the devil! You have it! The very double eagle I described to you!"

"Exactly. See? I'm on the scene. Found this at a provision store not an hour ago; have traced it up; think I've spotted the party—only suspicion, though."

Exchanging a few more words and knowing looks, the two separated.

The man with the bushy whiskers stood contemplating the coin which he held, and mused thus:

"I must be on the right trail. Got this from a provision dealer this morning—he said he'd had it since yesterday morning. He got it from one of the servants living at No. — Place, which is the house occupied by that pretty girl who just drove by. Now, this piece can't have passed through many hands—the theft was committed night before last. It's a tough thing to sus-

picion a person who owns livery, and swings' high; and it's twice as hard to prove it. We'll wait, though, and we'll see."

*It was a detective, already on the track of those who had robbed Cyrus Winfield!*

But we must follow Ide Wyn and her lover.

Suddenly, as they were passing through a certain street, on their way homeward, Ide noticed a quick pallor overspread her companion's face.

She saw him glance upward; and more, following the direction of that glance, she saw the picture of woe and pleading at the third-story window of the boarding-house—the clasped hands, the tearful eyes, the parted moaning lips.

It was all in a second of time; and then they were leaving the vicinity behind.

Hugh became markedly silent. His actions were full of uneasiness; his brow knit in the great effort of will he called up, to meet and conquer the pain this unexpected sight had caused him.

The beauty watched him closely—but in a way, from beneath the long, drooping lashes of jet, that he did not detect the study of her gaze.

In a few moments she said, as if nothing had transpired:

"I am sorry we came through this street."

"Sorry? Why?" with a start and a keen look.

"Oh, it is too full of business—we rode out for pleasure," she answered, carelessly; and then to the man on the box:

"Out of this street as soon as possible, Jerome; I don't like it."

In obedience to her order, the barouche whirled around the nearest corner.

And she was exclaiming like this, within herself, still regarding Hugh covertly:

"Who can that girl be? What is Hugh Winfield to her? What meant that cry from the window?—I heard her call his name, I will declare! Ha—an old flame! Perhaps a sweetheart that he is trying in vain to cast off? See him: it affects him deeply. He does not know that I saw that I am watching him now. The occurrence has made me nervous. I fear, I must examine into it. I shall remember the house. If what I suspicion is true—and the soft hands clenched till the nails pierced the flesh—I must bribe or force her to leave the city. Or, she shall be abducted forever from his sight. I will seek out Perry and Neel, despite our compact. They will serve me. She must be removed."

Acting on Jiggers' suggestion, Dan dragged the girl into the prison apartment.

He saw that the other had something to speak about, and whatever it might be was curious and impatient to hear it.

Pushing her across the room, while Jiggers remained at the door, he turned to the quadron, who still sat in the chair against the wall.

"Bevin, I am a goin!"

Then he noticed that the withered form was motionless and limp, that her head hung forward till the pointed chin rested on her bosom.

Filled with a sudden suspicion, he went up to her, and peered into the narrow, shriveled face, and the next moment he exclaimed:

"Dead, by thunder!"

"Dead!" came an echo from the doorway.

The life of the aged quadron had gone out on the instant. Dan Cassar leaped from his chair, to see who it was eavesdropping at the slide in the door-panel.

"Don't stop," said Jimmy, uneasily;

"we haven't any time to spare. Dr. Onnorrann may drop on us at any minute. Come!"

Dan addressed himself to the mulatress.

"If you make any kind of fuss, now, an' 'arm anybody, so's to get out, I'll be back onto you, nig, and it'll be the worse for you ef I come. Mind? Jest keep your mouth shut, ef you know when you're well off?" and, with a meaning nod, he strode away.

The prisoner only replied with a frowning, angry, half-defiant look, and this followed the giant, till he disappeared beyond the door, which he secured after him.

"Now, bob-head, what've you got to say?"

"You saw the scene?"

"At the window."

"The window?"

"I saw you there, when we passed; I heard you cry out something—the words I did not hear; I saw you clasp your hands, and gaze after the gentleman in my company, as if he were dear to me—"

"As if he were dear to me!"

"That is it. Do you begin to comprehend?"

Zella was coloring with an involuntary blush—her face was twice beautiful in the kindling of emotion within her. Her eyes were like two bright stars in a ground of crimson.

"Well, if you saw all this?" she asked, forcing her voice to evenness.

"If I saw it!" replied Zella, calmly.

"Ah! you do. I am glad of it. Then you must, even now, surmise the object of my visit?"

"You are mistaken—I do not. But if you have much to say, please be seated."

"I have much to say"—and Ide seated herself, while Zella did the same—"but I shall say it in a few words. I want you, first, to know that I saw the scene—"

"You saw the scene?"

"At the window."

"I saw you there, when we passed; I heard you cry out something—the words I did not hear; I saw you clasp your hands, and gaze after the gentleman in my company, as if he were dear to me—"

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"You are mistaken—I do not. But if you have much to say, please be seated."

"I have much to say"—and Ide seated herself, while Zella did the same—"but I shall say it in a few words. I want you, first, to know that I saw the scene—"

facing the chief, as if about to speak, when Cochise gave a violent start.

The sound of the magic horn could be plainly heard, echoing from rock to rock of the Sierra, and Cochise trembled.

"The spirits sound their horns to tell of my coming," said Belcour, solemnly. "If you think I am mortal, fire at my breast, and you will see."

He opened his coat as he spoke, and stepped back a pace, but Cochise was not to be convinced.

"White man liar. Me show him," he said, and drew forth a revolver from the numerous bundles at his girdle, aiming straight at Belcour's heart.

"Crack, crack, crack, crack, pealed out four shots, and still the Frenchman stood erect, although his face paled somewhat, and he seemed to be in great pain, for every bullet struck fair.

When Cochise lowered his pistol, in great surprise, the conjuror deliberately cast back the four bullets, each one striking the Indian's bare bust sharply, and Belcour smiled.

At the same instant a hollow, demoniacal laugh echoed close to Cochise's ear, and as the Apache chief turned his head sharply to the right, he saw the two girls, the German and the conjuror were near each other.

The Indians had retired from their vicinity in consequence of the fierce antics of the black horse, which assaulted with tooth and hoof everybody who came too near.

And thus Belcour found himself standing near the two girls, sheltered by the body of the horse, and able to indulge in a little conversation, unseen by Cochise. The latter was indeed too busy looking at the opening contest to see much else.

Belcour's lips were apparently closed, but for all that the girls could hear a voice close to their heads, speaking:

"White man's tricks. Me seen much better."

"Keeche-ah-que-kono," said the deep voice of the Rock Rider, in the Cheyenne tongue, "dost thou remember the day, many summers ago, when thy band took the life of a woman from the fort, when the soldiers were away? I know thee for the man that slew the mother and stole the child. Where is the child with the golden hair, Keeche-ah-que-kono? Where hast thou hidden her?"

As the deep tones rolled through the circle, again the Cheyenne looked uneasy. He evidently recognized the other, for he answered, tremblingly:

"I can not tell, white chief. Keeche was not there. It was a party of young braves hunting for scalps. I never saw the child."

"Liar!" thundered the Rock Rider.

"Look on this face, and deny it if you dare!"

And he held up the round shield as he spoke, with the pale, ghastly face glaring down on the Cheyenne.

Something in that face seemed to awe and terrify the chief, for he rose to his feet, trembling, and stuttered in English:

"White lady very good to Keeche. He never—she know—"

"She knows it indeed," said the deep voice again. "When Keeche's child was sick to death, and his lodge was empty of food, who succored the chief and saved the child's life, but the white lady of the fort?

When the captain of the soldiers went on the chase, who promised to guard the white lady from harm? Keeche-ah-que-kono. When the captain came back from the hunt, what met his eye? His lodge was in ashes; the child gone, and the white lady lay dead on the ground. And where was the Cheyenne who had grown rich on the bounty of the whites, and become a chief through the Great Father's presents? Gone, with the scalp of the white lady at his girdle, with the child of the man who had befriended him race, and who has now come to punish him. Keeche-ah-que-kono, mount thy horse for I have found thee at last, and thou and I must fight."

The rest of the Indians stood listening in wonder to the dialogue, carried on in their own language as it was; and all seemed to be surprised at the humble demeanor of the usually-boastful Keeche.

When the Cheyenne chief bowed his head to the request of the Rock Rider, the other chiefs would have spoken out, but for their attention being claimed again by the same mysterious voices, crying:

"Let the men fight. The Manitou decides it."

Then Belcour advanced, and in his turn addressed Keeche.

"Chief of the Cheyennes," he said, "I can tell thee whether thou wilt be slain or no in this fight. The Manitou has spoken, and said that the winner in this fight is to have the white girls delivered to him, and this will tell us who will win."

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"Behold," said he, "the divining pistol of the white magician. I fire a shot for my comrade."

He fired, and no change was visible in the face.

"Now one for the Cheyenne chief," said the conjuror, solemnly.

He fired; and a round patch of blood appeared on the white forehead.

"Take thy horse, chief!" said the deep voice of the Rock Rider. "Tis thine own blood thou seest, to mark the forehead of her thou slewest."

Without another word he backed his gaunt mule into the crowd, which gave way before him, and Keeche-ah-que-kono mounted his mustang.

Neither of the other chiefs offered the least opposition, for their superstition was thoroughly aroused by the magic tricks of Belcour, and moreover there is a natural liking in the hearts of all men to see a fair fight for their amusement. A huge ring was formed in an incredibly short space of time, about a hundred feet across, in the midst of which the Rock Rider sat statue-like on his mule, with his lance up. Keeche-ah-que-kono, bristling with pistols as he was, and carrying a saber and rifle, yet looked decidedly downcast, as he mounted his horse and rode into the arena.

His conscience seemed to trouble him for the past—a proof that his crime must have been more than ordinarily atrocious, for an Indian's conscience is very elastic.

All the while that this scene had been going forward, the two girls had been standing by, looking wonderingly on, and Carl Brinkerhoff had been smoking as placidly as if they were all perfect strangers.

Now, however, as the two champions rode out, Carl rose up, stretched himself with a yawn, and quietly approached his horse, which stood by. The German slowly swung himself into the saddle, as if to get a better view of the expected combat, and silled up closer to the girls.

"Ket reaty, girls," he dropped out from his lips, in a careless tone. "Der time ist kommen."

A soft voice, that came from the air to all appearance, spoke to them at the same time in French, saying:

"Suivez le cheval noir, mesdemoiselles. Soyez prêtes à fuir."

And the girls knew it said:

"Follow the black horse. Be ready to fly."

Clara trembled and turned pale, but Blanche blushed scarlet. She caught the eyes of the strong, grave-looking German fixed on her own.

At that moment the black horse, obeying a whistle from his master, ceased to rouse them. With one accord the whole circle sprung up, and rushed forward to take vengeance for the insult.

And Keeche-ah-que-kono entered the arena of combat.

#### CHAPTER XXI.

##### THE TRIAL BY BATTLE.

VERY soon the whole concourse of Indians was gathered into the great circle, in the midst of which the Rock Rider and his opponent were confronting each other. In one place alone the circle was thin, where the two girls, the German and the conjuror were near each other.

The Indians had retired from their vicinity in consequence of the fierce antics of the black horse, which assaulted with tooth and hoof everybody who came too near.

Not an Indian had yet mounted. It seemed impossible that a single man could escape from two thousand Indians, even on foot, surrounding him closely.

But into the crowd he darted, his lance hewed under his right arm, with his bridle hand brought up close to support it.

Into a dense mass of yelling and shouting warriors he drove, with the keen lance-point always directed at their faces; and whenever he struck it was always in the face or forehead, the blade splitting the skull and glancing off, without being engaged.

The mule aided its master, biting and kicking furiously, and clearing a passage wherever it went, so that a broad lane was quickly opened, along which the Rock Rider sped toward the mountains.

And then, amidst the turmoil of yells and random shots, rose a cry of warning and rage from the rear, and the crowd swayed to us, bow your heads."

Both girls looked bewildered, but for all that they bowed slightly, and Blanche murmured:

"Anywhere, away from these wretches!"

"It is well," said the mysterious voice.

"Be ready."

And then every one forgot them in the interest of the combat.

The Cheyenne chief, splendidly armed, and mounted on a fiery horse, seemed to have an easy victory in his hands, and yet he looked troubled.

The Rock Rider, on the opposite side of the circle, had not moved. He sat like the statue of a knight errant, with his shield in front and the point of his lance up.

Keeche-ah-que-kono slowly walked his horse forward, and then haltered. He drew his saber and sling it to his wrist, pulled out a pair of revolvers, and then yelled out his fierce war-cry, and darted down at the gaunt mule, full speed.

As he started, the tall mule, before so gaunt and still, suddenly became a marvel of quickness.

Bounding forward like a goat, and then leaping from side to side so as to distract the aim of the Indian, the Rock Rider and his singular chieftain came back to the battle.

Shot after shot flashed harmlessly, for the Cheyenne was firing from a galloping horse at a target that perpetually shifted, and his aim was flurried and too quick.

In five seconds one pistol was empty, and the other half-gone, and then the two combatants met.

The lance of the Rock Rider would have pinned the other but for the dexterity of the Cheyenne, who threw himself half off his animal to one side, and fired three more shots at a few feet' distance. Every one struck the shield fairly, and not one pierced it.

Keeche had no time to draw another pistol, as his mustang sprang out of danger with him. He only caught up his saber, and wheel'd round on the Rock Rider.

It became a fair duel between saber and lance.

The Rock Rider maintained the same erect seat, the same severe gravity of appearance, as ever, seeming to be quite indifferent to the issue of the contest. His mule was as active as a cat, wheeling round in front of him.

Then Belcour leaped up behind the girl, gave a great shout, and away went both horses at a thundering gallop from the crowd of Indians.

Little Yakop scolded off, stretched out straight in desperate hurry, and the whole party was a hundred feet away before the Indians had fully comprehended the trick played them.

Then, indeed, the racket was tremendous. A rattling volley saluted them, as every savage, whether in the crowd or outside, snatched his rifle and let fly at a venture.

The whole valley was full of scattered, outlying parties, and every man, after firing a single hasty shot, ran for his horse, and galloped to intercept them from the American camp.

Their very numbers were in the way of quick success, for, several men being wounded by random shots of their own friends, the Indians became afraid to fire.

But, all the same, it soon became evident that the fugitives could not reach the camp without being intercepted, for Comanches and Apaches were tearing across their path by hundreds.

First Carl Brinkerhoff swerved off, and galloped down the valley to the only opening he saw, and then Belcour was compelled to turn.

As they turned, a tremendous volley burst from the soldiers' camp, and told with fearful effect on the dense crowd of Indians, who scattered like sheep in an instant, but only to dash at Belcour with vengeance yell.

The young man shouted to Eclair, and made for an opening in the sierra, the only chance he could see.

Even to get there he would have to run the gauntlet of several stray Indians, who were on the point of being shot.

"Tell me where she is, or—" he faltered.

"I do not know, captain," he faltered out. "The Great Spirit knows the truth. The girl fled from us, and escaped to the mountains."

Keeche-ah-que-kono was half-stunned by the fall, and moreover seemed to be overcome with superstitious terror.

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DESERTED.  
The sequel to a Flirtation.

BY LAUNCE FOYNTZ.

I gave him all my heart, he casts it down,  
And grinds it in the dust when sure 'twas gone,  
Poor bleeding heart that only beat for him!  
And this, he says, is nothing but a whim.  
The world's so soft love, that the heart that met,  
The meaning glance and whisper, that once set  
The quivering nerves all thrilling with delight,  
Because we loved—all, all forgotten quite!  
Mere idle sport of fancy, when the time  
Hung heavy on the hands that did this crime.

\* \* \* \* \*

He promised, when he went, that on this day  
All would be right; at last he explained away.  
It is explained, and all is well, I  
He loves another! 'Twas but a flirtation!  
He loves me on, till fast the toils were set,  
Only to leave me, with a soft regret  
That she should have him earnest—oh, my God!  
Why can't there be no self-sacrifice,  
And make him feel! Alas, alas for pride!  
I dare not even confess it, but must hide,  
And crush the last love from my heart, alone,  
Leaving it dull and lifeless as a stone.  
Before I came to you, the world was done!

\* \* \* \* \*

Ice still, cold heart. I have loved once in vain,  
But never henceforth can I love again.

## A Woman's Folly.

BY JENNIE DAVIS BURTON.

NEVER saw a more admirable foil in all  
my life!"

"And our rival queens know it, too—  
trust women for that though!"

"Rivals and yet friends. Something ex-  
traordinary, isn't it?"

"You are a perfect novice, my boy.  
Those two hate each other like poison.  
Either one could garrote the other with the  
greatest of pleasure, only that polite society  
would be apt to retaliate on such a forced  
method. 'Tll wager you one that the ap-  
parent nothings they are saying to each  
other are the keenest of polished shafts.  
The fair Hallen is a trifl ahead, I think.  
For once Miss Winston's influence fails  
to counteract, and on my word I believe it's  
a reciprocal case between the lovely Rose  
and Bertram."

The two young men linked arms and  
sauntered away, and Bertram himself—sunk  
so far into the depths of a great chair near  
them as to remain unnoticed—wheeled about  
to take a critical view of the two  
lovely women at a little distance under the  
full glare of the gasolier.

"My queen Rose," he thought, his glance  
growing proudly tender. "I wish—I really  
do wish she was not so much with that  
Miss Winston; she can't know her as I do.  
That woman is unscrupulous to the last degree,  
and Rose—it's odd, I can't understand it, she actually seems to exercise  
some power over Rose. I'll warn the dar-  
ling soon as I have the right, and I'm just  
egotistical enough to think that I will have  
it."

He rose and sauntered over near the two.  
Rose Hallen gave him a smile over the book  
of engravings she was turning carelessly,  
which brought a glimmer into Miss Winston's eyes,  
dropped instantly upon her bouquet, which she began to pull to pieces.

"Just in time to settle a vexed question,  
Mr. Bertram," she said to him. "We have  
been discussing flirtations—taking the bear-  
ings *pro* and *con*. Of course there are  
harmless flirtations which hurt nobody, but  
we spoke of the deeper game where some-  
body's trusting heart is sure to get unmercifully  
grazed. I maintain that a woman through  
a spirit of coquetry has no right to lead on any man who is thoroughly honest  
in his sentiments, or *vice versa*, as it may  
happen. I'm quite sure you will take my  
side of the question."

"Miss Winston's precepts chime with  
her practice, and both do honor to the sen-  
timent she has just expressed," he answered.  
"The justice of your conclusion is too  
evident to be disputed."

There was a little sting hidden under his  
words, for something like a half dozen  
years before he had been lured on to a piece  
of folly which angered him yet to remem-  
ber—and by her! Of all women in the  
world Miss Winston was the last to  
truthfully disclaim the practice of coquetry,  
yet she sat complacent as though she had  
never pointed a shaft at an unsuspecting  
victim.

"I was telling Rose it is quite time she is  
turning a new leaf. The burdens she must  
have on her conscience are quite over-  
whelming."

"What a pity you can't share them,  
Laura. I quite appreciate the motive which  
would make you willing."

Bertram smiled in spite of himself. There  
was quite a difference between this time  
and a half dozen years before, and Miss  
Winston's efforts to win him back to his  
old allegiance had been a little too trans-  
parent.

"Ah, what harmonious sounds! dance  
music is it? No, thank you, I never waitz.  
There comes Lingard in search of you,  
Laura. A promenade if you like instead,  
Mr. Bertram."

She floated away upon his arm somewhat  
to Miss Winston's chagrin, who, knowing  
Rose's peculiar views, had counted upon  
securing Bertram to herself.

They made the circuit of the rooms and  
presently found themselves in a tiny boudoir,  
hung all in blue-and-white, and lighted  
only by the coldly-brilliant winter moon-  
light. There was a fresh fall of snow upon  
the ground without, and in the bay window,  
where they paused, it was light as day. A  
delightful nook, but Miss Hallen shivered  
broke the silence of a second which had fallen.

"There is some uncanny influence astir,  
I think. This moonlight gives me a cold  
feeling; it's walking-over-my-grave sort of  
child."

"Is it an unhappy augury? Do you  
know why I brought you here, Rose?—you  
must know what it is I have to say. I  
have the sweetest confession to make that  
ever fitted itself to words—I love you. The  
greatest boon to ask to bless my life—your  
love in return. Dare I hope for it?"

He could hear his own heart beating  
while he awaited an answer. How still she  
was, how unearthly fair she looked, like an  
exquisite statue standing there! As cold  
and as motionless it seemed to him, burning  
as he was with impatient desire. Was it  
only the moonlight, which threw the  
silence which lasted for probably a minute, but  
which seemed an hour, grew unbearable?

"Speak to me, Rose. What hope have I  
—what am I to be to you?"

"Nothing. I can not ask you to be even  
my friend."

"Rose!"

"Spare me, please." Her voice never  
reached an explanation. Frozen pride and

varied from its low, wearied calm. "Think  
of me kindly if you can. Please go, Mr.  
Bertram."

But he would not go, and he would plead  
his cause, hopeless as it seemed.

"You are like ice, Rose. You are not  
yourself. What has changed you so?"

His glowing, eager face, so darkly vivid,  
bent close to hers. He was all tropic  
warmth and impetuosity, she cold to frigidity.

"Ice and fire! They would never assimilate."

"Ice melts sometimes."

"And fire is quenched. A flame with-  
nothing to feed upon burns itself out,  
Mr. Bertram."

"Volcanic fires exist forever, and they  
are dangerous. It was so then—coquetry  
only, when I thought you were not indifferent."

"It was not." Her eyes sent a pale flash  
back to him. "Do you suppose?—can you  
think?—oh, heavens! why do you torture me?"

"Her face was both appealing and defiant  
in the moment her emotion broke the still  
mask she had imposed. With the insight  
she had caught to her heart, he was quite as  
cruel as a man is apt to be—cruel in his  
strength over her weakness.

"You love me, I saw it in your eyes  
then—you can't deny it, Rose. Why  
should any thing keep you from me?—why,  
darling? Nothing shall, I say."

They seem tame words, but his pleading  
eyes and eloquent tones were powerful auxiliaries.  
Struggle as she would, she could not regain the calmness she had lost.

"Is there another answer for me now?"

He seemed almost confident of it, but she  
drew away.

burning indignation—they will not be apt  
to approach it again. She stole the heart of  
the one man I ever loved, and I have had  
my revenge complete after long years of  
waiting."

"You are free, Rose. Frank Benson is  
dead—dead months ago."

"I know that. But I am bound for all  
my life, because I shall never know even if  
I am really free."

"What do you mean? He is dead and you  
are free; that thought has been like a joyful  
pean ringing in my mind all night."

"It was not Frank Benson whom I mar-  
ried that night, six years ago. I thought it  
was, at the time. We met at the church  
door; the only light was the moon strug-  
gling in through the windows; we were  
pronounced man and wife and parted at the  
altar. It was not until next day I learned  
that Frank had sailed for Europe six hours  
before I met the man I supposed to be him.  
Laura Winston had betrayed us both, and she alone can unravel the mystery; she alone knows who was my husband,  
and she died rather than tell me. I learned afterward it was her love for  
Frank which prompted her to involve me in  
this terrible complication. It is best you  
should know the whole truth, and how futile  
any hope will be."

Rose was looking haggard in the morning  
light, and her tone was weakly pathetic,  
but these were slight evidences of the strug-  
gle she had passed through over night.

But over Bertram's face an almost incredulous  
light was breaking while she spoke.

"Six years ago—six years ago at St. Giles,  
was it, Rose?"

"Yes," wondering.



DESERTED.

"There is no other. There can be no  
other; do not deceive yourself. Heaven  
pity me, I am not free to accept any man's  
love."

The blue and white draperies were pushed  
back, and Miss Winston stood there,  
but Bertram, with his hot Southern blood  
afame, would neither heed her nor be satisfied  
even yet.

"Not free, Rose! How can that be?"

You must—you shall tell me what barrier  
is between us."

"Tell him, Rose," came Miss Winston's  
taunting voice. "Tell him that you were  
once sixteen, and committed a piece of  
folly, just as sixteen will do sometimes."

That she should have come upon this scene!  
Miss Hallen turned and froze to self-possessed dignity in presence of the  
rival star. She swept away without a reply,  
and Bertram gloomed down upon the intruder,  
and would have followed but that she stopped him.

"Her pride will never unbend to tell you,"

said she. "Shall I?"

He hesitated, but he was only mortal, and  
more than mere curiosity was at stake, so  
waited for her to speak.

"She was married when she was sixteen.  
A romantic midnight marriage, which has  
been kept secret from that time to this. I  
am only being merciful in telling you."

He had put out his hand to steady himself,  
such a shock was this unexpected revelation.

"There can be no mistake about it," con-  
tinued Miss Winston, resolutely determined  
upon crushing any last ray of hope he  
might cling to. "I had the pleasure of  
assisting at the little ceremony."

"You!" he broke out with an abruptness  
which startled her. "Then there was mis-  
chief about it that you had a hand in. Was  
it a false ceremony? You had a *ponchon*  
for such mysteries, it would seem. Was she  
your dupe or your victim?"

"You give me too great credit, Bertram.  
The little jest which you participated in,  
was not repeated, I assure you. She was  
married in good faith."

"To whom?"

Miss Winston regarded him contemplatively.  
Any thing to prevent his seeking  
Rose again, she thought, and so answered,  
with all apparent candor:

"Frank Benson. You remember they  
were boy and girl lovers at the time you  
voted with your earliest preference?"

"Frank Benson?" She did not under-  
stand the flash irradiating his face, the glow  
softening it, or his quick turning away.

She stood alone in the moonlight, smiling  
to herself at this triumph over her enemy.

"In another moment they would have  
reached an explanation. Frozen pride and

"Heaven be praised then! I can solve  
the mystery. It was I who wedded you that  
night, but, oh! my poor girl, what a needless  
burden has been weighing upon you!"

That ceremony was a false one. I thought  
I was wedding Laura Winston. I was  
foolishly infatuated with her then—but she  
told me afterward it was all a jest, and  
through fear of ridicule I kept the affair se-  
cret, but it cured my love for her. Rose,  
darling, what is my answer now?"

Of course it was yes.

There was a little rustle, and Rose looked  
about just in time to see Miss Winston's  
dress disappear from the doorway. Miss  
Winston herself left the place that day.

She went down into the country to visit  
some friends, and did not return until the  
wedding was over and the happy pair gone  
on their bridal trip.

After six years' time her revenge had  
eluded her.

## Forecastle Yarns.

BY C. D. CLARK.

## THE INFECTED CAPTAIN.

"I TELL YOU, boys," said old Jim Cusick,  
as he turned his portly figure on the lid of  
his sea-chest, and took in about three inches  
of pig-tail. "The old man was mighty hard  
on us. He was one of your Miss Nancy  
kind, that wanted the run of a ship to look  
as clean as the quarter-deck. Dirt was an  
abomination to him, and whether he see it  
on the deck or a foremast hand, it had got  
to come off. He keeps us in hot water, most  
of the time, and it wouldn't do for a hand  
to show himself to the old man without a  
clean figure-head. If he did, that man had  
to take a bath, and if he didn't take it easy,  
he'd got to take it hard. Now, I don't ad-  
vertise to be very clean, but I do like to be  
middlin' kind o' neat, and I got along with  
the old man as well as any of the boys, but  
I was in Paradise alongside most of 'em.  
We had our fingers worn to the bone scrap-  
ing down the masts; and the quantity of  
brooms and mops we used up aboard the  
Sadie would have made any owners stare."

"He was always nosing round the fok'sel,  
looking for dirt. Now, you know the fok'sel  
is foremast hand's castle, same as an Eng-  
lishman's house, and if the boys object,  
ain't healthy for an officer to come down  
there, 'speculiarly after dark, and after we  
stood it awhile our angry passions began to  
rise, and we put our heads together to  
make it lively for him, if he came ag'in.'

"We had our hands to the fok'sel 'cause  
we was dropping asleep, thoroughly wearied  
both in mind and body, by the adventures  
and mishaps of our side."

"We had had a hard fight with a large  
party of Apaches that afternoon, finally  
routing and scattering them in every direc-  
tion, but without what we thought a  
terrible loss on our side."

Old Rube had turned up missing. He  
had been seen during the latter part of the  
conflict closely engaged with a couple of  
the savages, but as all knew that he was

equal to twice that number, no one went to  
his assistance. Indeed, none could at that  
precise moment have done so, for there was  
scarcely a man who was not in about the  
same predicament himself, as the Indians  
outnumbered us three to one.

When we assembled after the pursuit,  
our old friend did not answer to his name.

Old Rube was not only the most experi-  
enced and skillful fighter and scout we had,  
but he was also universally liked.

I had learned to love the rough, quaint  
heart that I laid my head on the saddle that  
night.

"Who comes that?" Grady had cried.

"Hold on, Billee, don't shoot," answered a  
well-known voice from the darkness be-  
yond.

"Pretty soon the old man came up with  
his nose turned clear up to the top of his  
head, and I knew he smelled something.

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